

THE SPIRIT OF DEMOCRACY.

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Poetry.

"DOUGLAS TO THE RESCUE."

Old Scotia's war-cry peals again,
Columbia's hills and valleys o'er,
Its ringing slogan rouses men,
With echoing sound from shore to shore,
"The Douglas" to the rescue stand!
"The Douglas" of our native land!

The mutterings of a coming storm
Grow in the distance, grow and low,
The nation waits with palest arm,
A contest fraught with gloom and woe,
Till "Douglas" leads a chosen band,
"The Douglas" of our native land!

From mountain top and meadow glen,
Our glittering flag is on the wave,
We'll rally round it stalwart men,
Our nation's bulwark—strong and brave—
"The Douglas" is our banner man,
"The Douglas" of our native land!

Then forward, freemen, to the fight!
O'er hill and valley sound the alarm!
We strike for Liberty and Right;
Our country bids us bare the arm,
Then pledge "The Douglas" heart and hand,
"The Douglas" of our native land!

HAGAR.
NEWBERRY, Greene County, Alabama.

[From the Hartford Times.]
"HURRAH FOR THE WIDE-AWAKES."

THE RAIL THAT "ABE" SPLIT.
That is the Rail that "Abe" split.

This is the man that fetched the rail that
"Abe" split.

These are the delegates, honest men,
Who voted for States where they'd never been,
And hurrahed for the man who fetched the rail
that "Abe" split.

This is Greeley of Oregon,
Who fought the battle of Silevnamon,
And primed the delegates, honest men,
Who voted for States where they'd never been,
And hurrahed for the man who fetched the rail
that "Abe" split.

This is Bill Seward all forlorn,
Who "cusses" the Greeley of Oregon,
Who fought the battle of Silevnamon,
And primed the delegates, honest men,
Who voted for States where they'd never been,
And hurrahed for the man who fetched the rail
that "Abe" split.

This is Beecher all shaven and shorn,
Whose rifles were once to Virginia borne,
Which ruffled Seward all forlorn,
Who "cusses" the Greeley of Oregon,
Who fought the battle of Silevnamon,
And primed the delegates, honest men,
Who voted for States where they'd never been,
And hurrahed for the man who fetched the rail
that "Abe" split.

This is the party that crows in the morn,
Whose feathers will droop when the day is
gone,
Who worship the Beecher all shaven and shorn,
Whose rifles were once to Virginia borne,
Which ruffled Seward all forlorn,
Who "cusses" the Greeley of Oregon,
Who fought the battle of Silevnamon,
And primed the delegates, honest men,
Who voted for States where they'd never been,
And hurrahed for the man who fetched the rail
that "Abe" split.

Harzrood, June, 1860.

ALLITERATIVE POETRY.

This specimen of alliterative verse is
clipped from the English Notes and Que-
ries, where it appears copied from one of
the cheap publications current thirty-
years ago:

Arthur asked Amy's affection,
But, being Benjamin's bride,
Cootly cut Charles' connection;
Deborah Dickey denied,
Eleanor's eye, effusions,
Frederick's fatality feels;

Giles gained Georgiana—good gracious!
Harry hated Helen's high heels,
Isaac is Isabel's idol,
Jonny jears Jonathan Jones;
Kathrine knows knock-kneed Kit Kriedal,
Lucy's leading Lucy's long bones,
Mary meets mortifications,
Nicholas Nancy neglects.

Oliver's odd observations
Proves Peter poor Petty protectal
Quaker Quinlan's queer quibbles
Red Rachel's reasons resist;
Sam Simon's sympathy scribbles
Tales to tell Tabitha Twist,
Ugula unthinkingly, undoing
Volatile Valentine's vest.

William's wild wanderer wooing
Xenia's youthful Zelma's zest.

Where was Abe Lincoln born?
That's the question. Verily, it seems to
be a question that has been asked in
many a place. He must be a twin. We are assured he
was born in what is now known as Lane
county, on Knob Creek, northeast of
Hodgenville, about five miles. In fact,
we understand, a letter was received from
him by one of the citizens of Hardin
county, denying he was born in Elizabeth-
town. Notwithstanding this, that enter-
prising paper, Harper's Weekly, had an
agent here taking the daguerotype of a
log stable, near the depot, as a veritable
picture of the birth-place of Abe Lincoln.
Not content with this, they have sawed a
log, at least eight feet long, from out the
cable, to make gables for the faithful,
to call the faithful to order in their abolition
societies.

Select Story.

An Incident of Travel.

BY CLARA AUGUSTA.

"All full, sir, sorry. But I guess you
will manage to stand the text fifty miles?"
Mr. Smith, the spruce young conductor
on the Central Railroad cars, ushered in
a decrepit shabbily attired old man, who
leaned wearily on his staff, and carried a
heavy valise in his hand.

The long, dimly lighted car was full,
every seat was occupied; band boxes and
carpet bags were held in the owners' laps,
and there was not a single chance for the
new comer to be accommodated.

A couple of scores of faces lifted them-
selves to glance at the old man's face, as
he moved slowly and painfully down the
narrow aisle. It was plainly evident that
he had as much as he could do to support
himself, and besides, he looked like one
who was just recovering from a severe
illness—his cheek was thin and pale, and
eyes lacked the fire which ought to sparkle
beneath those large and strongly
marked brows.

There were many well, active looking
healthy young men in the cars, but none
of the number felt disposed to renounce
his soft, comfortable seat to the shabby
old traveler, and after a stare of undis-
guised contempt, each and all dropped their
eyes, and thought no more of the
suffering old man before them.

In this enlightened country, it is a no-
torious fact, that the aged meet with
slights and incivilities, to say nothing of
positive unkindness, which would have
put the barbarous nations of old to shame.

Fitz James Eustace, a young exquisite,
who was escorting his cousin Isabel Win-
chester to Nahant, drew down his mouth
until the ends of his copper colored
moustache rested upon his well starched
dickey, and remarked to the lady by his
side:

"Really, Mr. Smith is insulting us!
Why cannot he find a place for that
wretched specimen in the second class car?
A fush, perhaps of pride—perhaps an-
ger—mounted to the white forehead of
Miss Winchester. She put up her hand
as though to check the speaker, and said
in a sudden voice:

"Fitz James, will you give that gentle-
man your seat? Don't you see how pale
and feeble he looks?"

"My dear Isabel! Why I would not
evacuate my place by your side for a
kingdom! Let the fellow stand it out!
It won't damage his appearance, I'll be
bound."

"Then I'll trouble you to rise a mo-
ment, I prefer the other side of the seat.
Allow me to pass if you please?"

Fitz James never thought of disputing
the will of his imperious cousin, and he
stood up to let her go out. But instead
of taking the seat which her escort had
occupied, the lady walked straight on,
until she reached the side of the aged
old gentleman. The touch of her hand
on his arm drew his attention toward her.

"Sir, will you have the goodness to
take the seat which I have just vacated?
I have ridden since early this morning,
and am really wearied with sitting so
long. Pray oblige?"

The old man's face brightened, and he
cast a grateful look into the dark, hand-
some eyes of the lady.

"But madam, you must be weary; I
cannot accept it."

She made an impatient gesture. Miss
Winchester was accustomed to have her
own way.

"No, sir; I am well, young and strong,
and I should be ashamed to sit while a
man of your age and health remained
standing."

So saying, the old gentleman sank into
the vacant seat, with a well satisfied ex-
pression of countenance; but Fitz James
expressed his unbounded contempt for his
neighbor, drawing his raglan closing
around him, and shrinking nearer to the
cars. The stranger looked at him with
quiet scorn.

"You need not trouble yourself to slip
out of the window, young man," said he
in a voice of irony. "I am not afraid of
the long eared species, though he bray
ever so loudly."

Fitz James was thoroughly disgusted.
He could not endure such vulgar propin-
quity. So he arose quickly, and striding
over his companion, made the best of his
way into the smoking car.

Miss Winchester's sacrifice had been
witnessed by all in the carriage, and a
dozen seats were offered her by a dozen
polite and officiating young gentlemen,
but declined them all by a motion of her
head, and remained leaning against the
side of the vehicle.

The train flew onward—the old gentle-
man meanwhile disposing himself for a
comfortable nap, which he was shortly en-
joying.

Some time before midnight the lights
of Boston gleamed through the darkness;
another moment, and the train went
thundering into the depot.

Our old gentleman arose, shook him-
self, grasped his valise, and came over to
the side of Miss Winchester.

"Madam," he said, "you have made an
old man's journey tolerable; will you tell
him your name and place of abode?"

She smiled, waved all thanks, and gave
him a card. He bowed and left her just
as Fitz James appeared to escort her
from the cars. But getting through the
crowd was no easy matter, for the fuss and
bustle was unusual; and Isabel noticed
that several uniformed companies filled
the space in front of the depot.

Cries of "Hurrah for Gen. Sutherland,"
"Three cheers for the hero of Mexico!"
rent the air. Banners trailed on the fresh
night breeze; flambeaux flashed, dreams
bled slowly up the street.

Fitz James inquired the occasion of
all this tumult and learned that it was a
public welcome extended by the citizens
of Boston to Gen. John Sutherland, a
gentleman and a veteran officer, who had
signally distinguished himself in the late
Mexican war.

"He came in this train," said a bystan-
der.

"Is it possible, sir, that you did not
discover him? A sickly looking old man,
dressed in threadbare gray, and carrying
a black valise. He had just recovered
from a severe attack of rheumatic fever,
which has troubled him since last cam-
paign. Those vile Mexican night vapors,
and sleeping on the cold ground, under-
mined his constitution; but he is a fine old
fellow yet."

Miss Winchester thought he must be;
she had heard much of his gallant daring;
but Fitz James was the picture of silent
mortification.

Miss Winchester and her cousin stop-
ped at the American House, and early the
next morning, before the lady had
finished dressing a servant brought up a
note, bearing her address.

Isabel tore it open, and there fell out
two cards of invitation to a ball to be held
at the Revere, that evening, in honor of
Gen. Sutherland. One card bore the
name of Fitz James, the other was di-
rected to herself. She had no acquaint-
ance in Boston, consequently, the invita-
tion must have been sent at the instance
of the General himself.

Fitz James was surprised and humili-
ated at this mark of distinction, for he
could not but realize that the invitation
had been extended to him solely to save
his cousin's feelings. But notwithstanding
this, he wished to accept it, if only to
have an opportunity of excusing his yester-
day's impoliteness to the great man.

The journey to Nahant was deferred
for one day; and early that evening the
cousins were at the Revere, where a bril-
liant coterie had already assembled.

Gen. Sutherland, reclining in an arm
chair at the head of the great drawing
room, received his friends as they passed
by, one giving place to another; but when
Isabel was presented, he detained her by
the hand to say:

"Please sit down on this ottoman at my
side; I have a relation here to whom I
wish to present you."

It was not long before a singularly
handsome young man came up to the
General, smiling a friendly welcome, the
veteran turning to Isabel, said—

"Miss Winchester, allow me to present to
you my son Alfred Sutherland, who is
very grateful for the kindness which you
last evening bestowed upon his father."

The young man bowed, and his father
continued:

"Whenever I see a young person volun-
tarily render respect to the aged, I am
constrained to admire him or her as a
relic of good old politeness which reigned
over show and heartlessness when I was a
lad. It is all hollow ceremony now, my
dear; and if the old man cannot stand
without assistance, he is thrown down and
trodden upon. But there is a march, or
my ears gently deceive me. Alfred, do
you need a further hint, or must your
rheumatic old father set you an example
of courtesy?"

The young man started and colored,
for he had been gazing so intently on the
rare beauty of Miss Winchester that he had
forgotten all time and place.

"If Miss Winchester will permit me,"
he said offering his arm; and a moment
more, they were lost in the throng of
promenaders.

Mr. Sutherland seemed bent on showing
his gratitude to the lady for the kindness
she had rendered his father, for he scarcely
quitted her side during the evening; and
at the close of the week he followed her to
Nahant, where he continued for two
months the bete noir of Fitz James, and
the enemy of all young fops who aspired
to the hand and fortune of the beautiful
Miss Winchester.

Fitz James Eustace had been long his
cousin's avowed enemy, and it was with ill-
concealed chagrin that he now saw himself
thrown into the shade by the son of that
"wretched specimen" who ought to have
found a place out from decent people's
company.

Early in the New Year there was a
marriage ceremony performed in the old
South Church, and Alfred Sutherland was
the groom, and Miss Winchester was the
bride. An elegant house on Beacon
street received the young couple, for Al-
fred is engaged in business at Boston, and
every year the hale old General comes
down from his house in N— to visit his
children.

So you see that politeness gained a
husband for one woman; and it will bring
happiness to all if they but practice fit-
ly for true politeness springs from the heart,

and is but the effluence of a kindly,
christian spirit, anxious to promote the
well being of those with whom it comes
in contact.

Life on the Turning of a Card.

A friend narrated to us a day or two
since an anecdote of early times in West
Tennessee, which we will attempt to re-
peat even at the risk of losing the graphic
simplicity of his conversational narrative.

Some eighteen or twenty years since a
well known resident of Tipton County
was put on his trial, charged with the
murder of his wife. As usual, in such
cases, popular feeling was largely against
him, and all the eloquence and ingenuity
of his counsel were required to make any
impression in his favor upon a jury, which,
however impartial it might desire to be in
the consciousness of sworn duty, could not
see the waves of popular prejudice
surging in upon it.

The case was argued ably. The counsel
for the defense made most vigorous and
impassioned appeals. The case was
submitted to the jury, and they retired to
make up their verdict. Time passed,
and as the setting sun warned all of the
approaching night, the large throng in
attendance, the judge, counsel, &c., re-
tired, all anxious, the counsel not the
least so, to learn the verdict of the jury,
and some wondering that the jury hesitated
one moment to bring in a verdict of
guilty. In the mean time the jury had
come to a point beyond which they could
progress no further. The appeals of the
counsel of the defense had not been with-
out their influence, and the jury stood un-
changeable, six for conviction and six for
acquittal. Something had to be done. In
these days twelve good fellows could not
be together for a night, and sleep. Cards
appeared mysteriously from the depths of
sundry large pockets, and exercise in sev-
en up and poker were zealously com-
menced.

About midnight, one of their number,
Col. P., proposed they should play a game
of seven up, the result to decide the ver-
dict. The proposition was heartily and
unanimously agreed to in all seriousness,
and the whole crowd collected around
Col. P. and his opponent, who proceeded
to play the game on which was staked a
human life.

Col. P. played to save the accused.
His opponent played, and quite as zeal-
ously, to secure the conviction. The
backers, five and five, stood behind them,
encouraging the champions, and watching
the game, dimly seen by the light of two
tallow candles, with the most intense in-
terest.

The game proceeded with very equal
fortune, till both parties stood at six and
six. It was Col. P.'s deal; he dealt, and
turned Jack. The prisoner was acquit-
ted, and every member in the jury joined
in the shout, which startled the whole vil-
lage, even the revelers in the grocery.

Next morning the jury went into court,
and gave, to the astonishment of many,
the verdict of "not guilty." The jurymen
who played an unsuccessful game for hu-
man life, still lives, a much respected ci-
tizen of the district. One of the counsels
is a very distinguished member of the
Memphis bar, and the accused now be-
lieve, gone to a higher court; but neither
of them, nor any of the assemblage, nor
the court, who marveled at the verdict,
eighteen years ago, have ever known that
a human life was saved by turning Jack.

There are some curious episodes in the
history of our early settlement; but you
would think of venturing life upon turn-
ing Jack?

Two Views of the Case.

Judge C—, U. S. Senator from
Vermont, related to us a good anecdote
the other day, illustrative of abolitionism.
The morning he was leaving home to en-
ter upon his duties in this city, a straight-
faced deacon, who looked upon the whole
south as a great pandemonium, called
upon him and said:

"Now, Judge, I want you to do all in
your power to abolish slavery."

"Well," said the Judge, "how shall I
proceed?"

"Oh, I don't know; but you must abol-
ish it. It's a great curse, and must be
abolished. You know more about law
than I do. The church is my stronghold,
but you understand national matters and
can devise some plan, and I know it."

"The only way I see to abolish it," said
the Judge, "is to buy all the slaves and
set them free."

"Well, go in for that; have the law
passed that the north shall buy them, and
then this trouble will end."

"Just as you say, deacon, I will agree
to it in a moment, and will stand my share
of the expense. Here is Woodstock
with three hundred inhabitants, and this
town would be called on for about six
hundred thousand dollars—I will urge it
before the Senate."

The deacon opened his mouth, then his
eyes, allowed his tongue to escape from
one corner of his face, scratched his head,
and tapped impatiently on the floor with
his foot. As the Judge was leaving the
room, the deacon's power of speech re-
turned to him, and called out:

"Oh, say, Judge, I guess you'd better
let slavery alone. The poor blacks are
better off in the south than up here in
this cold climate."

There are several just such deacons in
this country.—Washington Paper.

A Few Sharp Political Shots.

The Last of a Dishonored "Bill Seward."

The Flower of Auburn
Left weeping alone,
All his hopes of the White House
Vanished and gone,
No Helper is near him,
No darkey is nigh,
To console with his anguish,
Or give sigh for sigh.

They leave thee, thou lone one,
To mourn by thyself;
To please Massa Greeley,
Thou'rt laid on the shelf,
And coldly they bid thee
To Auburn return,
Though using thy platform
Its builder they spurn.

From the Seneca Advertiser.
Old Abe Writes us a Letter and Sends
us a Stuck.

We received, per U. S. Express Com-
pany, on Saturday, one of the "sticks"
old Abe split and the following letter.
It appears "Abe" thought we were the
editor of a Republican paper, and gives
us some advice as to how we should pro-
ceed, requesting us to "play the thing
mighty fine."

SPRINGFIELD, Ill., June 9, '60.
W. W. ARMSTRONG, Esq.,

SIR—I send you this day by U. S.
Express Company one of these Rates
which have bin pokin up sich a fewore
threwout all of these grate States—minus
sum 23 what don't vote our ticket. You
kin rely on this being the "rail article" as
it were split by my individual self sum 40
years since when I were flattening it down
the Wabash river for this ockashun,—I
want u to go in and git up a tremendous
excitement over this yer d—d stick as it
am the only plank in our black Rip-up-
pean platform that takes at all and we
must bide our eggs while the watter am hot
or we are goners sure as preachin.

Horganize yer wid-a-vake & wigwag
clubs rite away & send down to Kerlumb-
to Folit Postre & Ko for dockments.
I am in snooks with follit, Postre & Ko
and we dewide the spiles or profets on the
dockments.

Them err speeches that's published as
mine were all writ by "old Joe Sloum"
that was sent to the penitentiary sum
time since for boss stealin but were par-
doned out by our republican Guvnorner for
my benefit. How do they take down in
old Sinuca Co. Scatter am around among
the ignorant farmers and mechanics pro-
fusely. Let me kno if I shall send you
any more rates as we are over run with or-
ders for em from abroad. I am sorry to
say I have been somewhat horn swaged
in this yer rate biznis—a d—d poor ones
down in oberlin sent on to me for 16 doz
and I forwarded to him and paid
the charges myself as he writ me he hadn't
a red. I hev bin since informed that the
old knss kut em all up for fire wood and
wont need any more would for a right
smart time to cum.

I think I am not mistaken in yore bein
editor of the tiffin tribune, am I say? It
wont do to let this yer thing git out as the
devil would be to pay if it did, and we
must play this yer thing mighty fine.

I want you to go in heavy on the idee
that first sillible of my last name and the
last sillible of my first name and the first
and last sillible of both my names make
"Abe Linkum"—its a mighty good joke
and there are a big lot of superstitions
and ignorant laboring men in the Kuntry
that will think it happened because we
were foreordained to be elected—don't
yer see; go in big on all these things
cause the Lord knows there's nothing
else to go in on—send me a copy of yer
very walsuable paper once & a while now
and then when I git elected I wont leave
you out in the kold.

I close now, and in the words of the
immortal big dutch poet, I say "Bulley
for us."

From your old friend
ABE LINCOLN,
The Country Splitter.

Wanted an Outrage.

We some two weeks ago said that the
republican party wanted "an outrage"—
an outrage anywhere, in Kansas, down
South, in the Halls of Congress, or in the
lobbies of the two Houses. As Dazzie,
in the play, "regarded a kicking as a leg-
al luxury," so the republican leaders have
come to consider an outrage as so much
political capital.

It is not a fight they want. They are
not like the Irishman, "blue moulded for
the want of a batin," and ready to beg
any one to tread on the tail of his coat,
so as to afford a provocation. They go
in for damages. Their motto is, "suffer
and be strong."

Nobody seems disposed to humor them;
but there is a law of political economy
which declares that supply is always equal
to demand; and if a high enough price is
offered for anything, from "an outrage" to
a drove of elephants, it is sure to come!

And behold, we have an attempted assas-
sination of Sumner! It is, to be sure,
not quite an assassination. It is some-
thing half-way between a morning call and
a murder. The miscreants were armed,
not with bludgeons or pistols, or revolv-
ers, but with an interrogation point?

They asked their victim how he did, &c? &
promised to call again. Was anything so
outrageous ever heard of before?

Some persons have callously insinuated
that this terrible conspiracy is of
Mr. Sumner's own manufacturing. This
is a gross mistake. It is no more his own
than his speeches. Those who have traced
his flowers of rhetoric to the school books
from which he borrowed them, will have
no difficulty in following out this plagia-
rism of a conspiracy. It is in part stolen
from poor old sham-Borbon Williams,
who assassinated himself by firing a re-
volver up the chimney, and crying murder,
and in part copied after a somewhat noted
inventor of illuminating steam, in New
England, who, whenever his patents were
called in doubt, fired a pistol through his
hat, and charged it to the envious gas
companies.

Mr. Sumner's speeches are failures; but
his outrages generally show genius, and a
certain histrionic talent. Will he not ac-
cept an engagement under Barnum? We
do not mean now; but when he gets
through his little engagement at Wash-
ington, where, rivaling the Japanese Em-
bassy, he is to amuse the little boys, white
and black, by a procession through the
streets to the Senate house, accompanied
by his faithful escort.

It is easy to see, however, that Mr.
Sumner outrages himself in his public
rather than his private character, and that
political capital is his immed aid aim.—
There is one suggestion, however, to make.
If this ASSASSINATION is to go into the
Republican platform; is there not dan-
ger that some one will, as in the Chi-
cago Convention, move to strike out the
word NATION, and so leave this now
"great principle of the party," coupled
with its embodied representative and in-
ventor, to read, simply, "ASS-ASS I-
Charles Sumner.—Albany Atlas & Ar-
gus.

Did Lincoln Tend Bar?

The Menard County Jail, a Democratic pa-
per published at the place where Lincoln was
said to have "tended bar," says:

"Mr. Lincoln came to this county with a Mr.
Oftt and was engaged with him as a clerk in
a store, and afterwards became the purchaser
of the establishment, in company with a man
named William Berry, who is now dead. W.
G. Green, Esq., at present a citizen of this
county, was their endorser for the purchase of
the goods. Berry was a man of dissolute hab-
its, and caused an early failure of the village
concern."

The store of Mr. Lincoln's "clerking in a
common dram shop" is not altogether correct,
as we are informed by old inhabitants, now
residing in this place, and acquainted with the
facts. As was customary in those days, how-
ever, the "merchants," besides the usual sup-
ply of notions, calico, groceries, tobacco, &c.,
"always on hand" a barrel or two of Monongahela
or Old Rye, "to be sold in quantities to
suit the purchaser."

That will do! The Republican candidate for
President, was a tender "in a small country
store," and retailed "notions, calico, groceries,
tobacco, and Monongahela and Old Rye." We
presume Red-Eye is meant for old rye. Well,
doggy keepers may take courage, as well as
rail splitters. We have a hundred such gre-
cery keepers in this county as was Abe Lin-
coln, and nobody ever yet nominated them for
President, though we have no doubt they
would, any one of them, make a better Presi-
dent than Lincoln.—Statesman.

Didn't Split Rails at All.

An old citizen of Illinois, a man fami-
lar with all parts of the State, and par-
ticularly with that portion of it where
Abe Lincoln is said to have mauled rails,
says that the whole thing is gammon;
that he never split a rail in his life; that
in those days the people never thought of
such a thing; that they went into the
swamps and cut hoop-poles and saplings
for fenceing, and used them round as na-
ture made them. The old chap that made
the Republicans believe that the rails on
his farm were split by Lincoln more than
twenty years ago, made a good thing out
of the operation. Ten dollars a pair for
old decayed rails is not to be wiked at.
The owner of that farm is sharp.

Shortly after the nomination of
Lincoln, a newsboy appeared in front of
the office of the Seward organ, offering
for sale to the crowd a wooden likeness
of the Illinois lecturer. The picture,
though a very good likeness, is a fright-
ful spectacle, and the boy was right in
apologizing for it thus.

"Ere's yer likeness of Abe Lincoln—
look better wen it gets its'ead champeoned
and 'air cut!'—Chicago Times.

Harper's Weekly, in a personal
description of Mr. Lincoln, the Republi-
can candidate for the Presidency, says that
he has a long, penetrating nose. These
black Republicans, however, must be a
little careful how they stick their long,
penetrating noses into the affairs of the
South.—Louisville Journal.

We have heard of candidates
reaching the presidential chair by "riding
a hobby," but this thing of undertaking
to ride a man in "on a rail" is decidedly
funny to the republicans, but to their candi-
date it must be execratically so, espe-
cially if the splinters are not off the rails.

The Evangelist says of Mr.
Henry Ward Beecher a Independent, that
it is a sublime endeavor to "Combine in
one tremendous sheet the three-fold at-
tractions of a Sunday school paper, a